

DISTANCE LENT DISENCHANTMENT.

MYSTERY OF MYSTERIES.

The Fresh Chick-wick AND THE FOUNTAIN.

ONE SHINING VIRTUE.

AN AFFAIR OF HONOR.



1. HOW THE BARGAIN LOOKED—



2. AT 5 BLOCKS—



3. AT 10 BLOCKS—



4. AND AT 10 1/2 BLOCKS.

—WITH STILL 10 BLOCKS TO WALK.

Right there.

THE CALLER—Can I see the lady of the house?

THE COOK—Hovn't yez eyes?

to pay my family a brief visit. Don't you envy me?

BLUEBLOOD—I should say I do. He is going to pay us a protracted visit.

It was the day after Christmas. Homelock Sherles and I sat in the Butcher street rooms cursing the snowy, sloppy weather that kept women from passing—no, to be truthful it was only I that cursed, for Sherles had once been married and cared naught now for the fair sex.

"Bless me! Mulroon's come home sober!" he suddenly remarked as the bark of a dog came in from the hall.

"How on earth can you tell?" I marvelled, for no sound of man's voice had been heard.

"Because his dog don't know him," answered my friend with a gleam in his eye. "For a veterinary surgeon you let a great many 'horses' get on you, old man."

Another period of silence, and then Sherles reached up his long white hand and took down the bottle of gin.

"No more of this!" he mused aloud. "Now begins a period of hard work for me."

"Hard work?" I asked wonderingly. "Why, I haven't heard of any recent murders, robberies or disappearances."

"None of these this time, old man! All mysteries. Every young man in town will soon be here to have me find out what the Christmas present his girl gave him is intended for, don't you know?"

An Objective Lesson.

MISS PORKCHOPS—I wish that I could get pa to stop eating with his knife.

DASHERLY—Prove to him that you can get more on a fork.

Enforced Agility.

FATIGUED FRANCIS—Great heavins! Wot's Sammy jumpin' up an' down fer?

HEAVYHEARTED HILDEBRAND—De cook down de road gave him some caper sauce.

The Best of Him.

GOTROX (proudly)—

Count Legpulsky is going to pay us a protracted visit.



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So Nice of Her.
BRIDE—George doesn't seem to regard our marriage as a serious matter at all.
COMFORTING FRIEND—Never mind, dear. He probably will after a while.

Speaking Advisedly.
THE CALM ONE—Ain't mad, are you?
THE CHOLERIC ONE—You mean "angry," sir! Only dogs get mad.
THE CALM ONE—Oh, no! I meant "mad."

A Formula.
To determine the amount of a young man's cry, take the amount he spends on Christmas presents, multiply by four and divide by

THE Armless Wonder had been ejected from the flat, and the tenants were all standing around discussing the affair.

"I hope we won't have any more freaks in the house!" said the First Floor Front. "If you've ever noticed it, why they all run from one extreme to another. Now there was the Circassian Girl, for instance. All the time wanting to snatch somebody baldheaded, don't you know, and the Armless Wonder got fired out for kicking up rows!"

"Yes, there's no doubt but that he kicked up rows!" chimed in the Third Floor Back, "but I'll say this for him—he never played any sort of musical instrument."

And a chill stole over the group as they looked at the empty room, for they knew not what sort of a lodger the day might bring forth.

No Go.

"No," said the editor, his brow puckering ominously. "I can make nothing out of this joke."

"Well, to be perfectly frank with you," returned the humorist, "I don't know that I can myself. You're the nineteenth editor I've tried it on."

Wants to See Fair Play.

BLINKS—What do you suppose a druggist does when he can only make out a part of a doctor's prescription?

JINKS—Fills the rest up with water and gives the patient a chance.

Habitual Thirst.

LITTLE CALHOUN—Why was it, fathah, that you thusted for the blood of youah brothahs durin' th' wah?

COLONEL BOURBON

—Well, son, I reckon it was because we wuh so in th' habit of thustin'.

Bound to Be Bad.

FATIGUED FRANCIS—Dese cussed reform waves jes' ruin a town.

GRIMY GROOGIN—Well, wot kin yer expect uv anyting that comes in waves?

Authorized by Recent Events.

QUIZZER—Why do you call him "General"?

GUYER—He runs a literary bureau.



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4

HONOR SATISFIED
The Modern
"Throw up your hands
Those addressed
Then slowly and
money.
Yes, four aces are

COULD YOU BLAME HIM?



REFORMED BUNCO STEERER: "Talk about yer temptation of St. Anthony!"

THOSE CUTE GILDED

FURNITURE DEPT.



Oh, John, t
doesn't se